

The Salt Lake Herald.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY BY
THE HERALD COMPANY.

HEWLETT'S PERNICIOUS BILL.

REPRESENTATIVE HEWLETT'S BILL to change the date of holding municipal elections might more properly be denominated a bill "to prolong for one year the present malodorous administration of Salt Lake City." It is with no idea of being discomfited to Mr. Hewlett that The Herald makes this statement, for the veriest tyro in legislative politics would not accept the ingenious explanation that Mr. Hewlett had evaded this remarkable bit of legislation from his own consciousness.

So far as the Salt Lake members of the legislature are concerned no diagram of the bill's purpose will be needed. It carries its purpose on its face to be plainly read by all who are at all familiar with the situation of Salt Lake City's affairs. There are those, however, who are unacquainted with the performances and failures of performance of the present city administration, which the Hewlett bill seeks to legislate into office longer than the people desire. These members will have to vote on the purely partisan measure and it is but fair they should understand precisely the circumstances which have led to the introduction of this bill.

The present Republican officers of Salt Lake entered office pledged, privately and publicly, to many things that the majority of the citizens said by their votes they desired. Above all they promised a business administration. Their pledges still remain unredempted and the "business" administration has been of such a sort that it is doubtful if any self-respecting man would now employ any of the lot to operate a peanut stand. The administration, in a word, has been so inept that every honest Republican in the city, acquainted with the drift of public opinion and willing to speak out, admits there must be a complete sweep of the present Republican officers if that party is to stand any chance of winning the city election next fall. And these are the men Mr. Hewlett is endeavoring to foist upon the city of Salt Lake for another year.

As to the question of economy involved, the plea comes with ill grace from any member of the present house, or any admirer of the Salt Lake administration. The cost of a municipal election is not excessive. It can be easily borne if it results in securing competent officials who will spend their time and energies and talents in the service of the city. The question of the proper time for holding municipal elections has been threshed out in previous legislatures and invariably it has been decided that danger lurks in holding them with county and state elections when partisan feeling too often blinds the judgment and men are elected not because of their merits and fitness, but because they are on the party ticket that may win.

The Hewlett bill should be beaten. It is partisan in its purpose and, if enacted into law, its effects would be pernicious. The men who framed it desire, not the benefit of Salt Lake or any other city, but simply to continue the present administration of Salt Lake in office. They are seeking to accomplish by legislative craft what they know they cannot effect in a Republican convention and at the polls.

LABOR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THERE IS NOT NOW, and probably never will be an opening for American labor in the Philippines. A recent bulletin of the United States department of labor sufficiently sets forth conditions to demonstrate the impossibility of the high-priced American workman's ever obtaining remunerative employment there. The bulletin covers both the cost of the necessities of life and the wages paid for labor.

A few of the retail prices given in this interesting document are: Beans, dry, per pound, 7 1/2 cents; bread, per pound, 4c; butter, per pound, 56c; cheese, European, 37 1/2c; domestic, 20c; coffee, not roasted, 20c; eggs, per dozen, 20c; fish, salt, per pound, 15c; fresh, from 10c to 20c; lard, 10c to 20c; beef, fresh, 20c; chickens and ducks, each, 25c; ham, New York, per pound, 32 1/2c; Spanish, 37 1/2c; mutton, fresh, 20c; pork, fresh, 20c; turkeys, each, 43c; milk, per pint, 10c; rice, European, per pound, 6c; table sugar, 10c; molasses, 10c; starch, 12 1/2c; brown sugar, 7 1/2c; tea, 10c; tobacco, from 10c to 25c; potatoes, 10c; peas, 10c; onions, 6c; potatoes, 5c; tomatoes, 25c; vinegar, domestic, per pint, 25c; candles, per pound, 12 1/2c; oil, kerosene, Russian, per pound, 6c; soap, laundry, from 4c to 5c per pound, sold in quantities of twenty-five pounds.

Sixty different industries are included in the wage tabulations. The figures are given in gold, but paid in silver, so that a workman stated in the bulletin to receive 50 cents daily is, in reality, paid \$1 in silver.

In the dense distilleries of Manila, manned mainly by natives and Chinese, wages running from 25 cents a day to \$30 a month are paid. The hours are from eight to twelve. In twelve bakeries only five whites are employed. They receive \$30 to \$40 a month and board, while the natives and Chinese are paid from \$4 to \$15 for twelve hours' daily work during the month. Ten hours is the barber's day, and, if white, he gets \$1; otherwise he receives 50 cents. The Chinese exclusively employed in a barrel factory are paid 15 to 50 cents daily for ten hours' work. The one white blacksmith included in the table works eight hours, and is paid \$40 a month. His native helpers receive \$9 to \$15 a month. Bookbinders, all of whom are natives, average from 25 to 50 cents a day. The women employed in this industry receive half as much. Only Chinese are carpenters. They work ten hours, and are paid 10 to 50 cents and board, while builders make 25 to 50 cents a day. Employees of carriage factories get from \$15 to \$30 a month for eight hours' daily work. Native cigar-makers average from 37 1/2 to 50 cents a day for eight hours' work. Women employed in the same work are only paid half as much.

In the furniture factories only Chinese labor is employed. The day is ten hours, and the pay 25 to 37 1/2 cents, while board. Native harness-makers are paid from 25 to 37 1/2 cents daily, while horse-shoers receive 25 to 50 cents for eight hours' work. Chinese in ironworks average from 25 to 37 1/2 cents for ten hours' work, with board. Natives in machine shops are paid 50 to 75 cents for eight hours. Millinery employees, girls, receive 25 cents for ten hours' work. Native photographers are paid 50 cents and board, while Chinese photographers are paid only half as well. Native compositors make from 25 to 50 cents, and occasionally a fast man 62 1/2 cents, during eight hours' work.

These figures will not prove alluring to the American workman. The competition between the Chinese and the Filipinos is fierce in every industry. Both are able to exist on a wage that would mean direst penury to the American. In consequence the labor of the Philippines will always remain in their control.

ROBBERY FOR SWEET CHARITY.

WHEN ISRAEL ZANGWILL VISITED AMERICA a couple of years ago, he was struck by the resemblance of conditions in this country to those of the old feudal days. He declared that the social tendencies of the land are toward feudalism. In the days when Richard the Lion-hearted was killing Turks in the Holy Land or returning to untortured knights at the tournaments, there lived in England a famous outlaw whose principal haunt was Nottingham forest. His great recreation consisted of waylaying the nobles and other rich men who came that way and stripping them of their valuables. Some of this booty Robin Hood kept for the use of himself and his merry men, but a large share of it was bestowed on the poor wayfarers and other deserving persons who crossed his path.

A huge cloud haunted the commercial forest and band-bagged rich and poor alike. He left it for his children to perform the deeds of charity. One of his daughters is revered the country over for her noble acts, while the other took pity on a poverty-stricken French count and furnished him a few hundred thousand dollars a year for cigarettes and bric-a-brac.

Then there is Andrew Carnegie, who crushed out the life of more than one small steel concern, who is one of the "heroes" of the Homestead riots, and who even bled John D. Rockefeller for a few million dollars. He has announced his intention of giving \$1,000,000 a month for libraries and organs. Mr. Carnegie's sole ambition, aside from distributing his wealth, is to be buried under the merle greenwood tree in the pauper's corner.

This John D. Rockefeller is something of a Robin Hood himself on the ratio of about one part of charity to twenty-five of robbery.

The original Robin Hood had a Friar Tuck, who administered spiritual comfort to the band. This position is now held by one Marcus Aurelius Hanna, who not only condones the faults of the other robbers, but who even attempts to hand them now and then something more substantial. His energies at present are concentrated on helping himself to a number of millions of dollars from the public treasury to aid the starving, poverty-stricken Standard Oil company.

Examples might be multiplied, but one great exception will stand out conspicuously. This is Russell Sage. He has never been known to give anything except advice.

Carrie Nation is probably too old to enlist as a private soldier, but Enquirer has the honor to remind the president that under the reorganization act there is need for more officers.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

This reminds the Columbus Press-Post that the late General James Wilson, of New Hampshire, a veteran of the Mexican war tried to enlist in the civil war, and when he was told by the recruiting officer that he was "too old," he kicked the recruiting officer, which was the last service he performed for his country. The Ohio papers are looking too far abroad. Her place has been in Ohio. Their own governor should have retained Carrie and then there would have been no need of mobilizing troops to prevent the fight at Cincinnati. Imagine Tullin or Jeffries facing Carrie and her hatchet! Her appearance at the ringside would have been the signal for the disappearance of all others.

Dewet appears to have a sense of humor, after all. He is not alone a fighting machine. On the recent occasion of the ascension of Edward VII. to the throne the African is credited with having sent him this message: "I am having lots of fun chasing your boys down here. I take from them all the commissary stores and mules I can care for. These are fine Missouri mules I am hitching to my trains. Be a good boy, Edward, and remember I'll take care of things down here."

The senate judiciary committee is said to have made no progress on the anti-trust bill. What's the matter? Have they run out of blue pencils?



Aunt Betsey—Did you go to the theatre, Silas?
Uncle Silas (just back from the city)—Yes; I went to see the same piece we saw on our wedding trip, thirty years ago.
Aunt Betsey—What was it?
Uncle Silas—Well, Shylock was just as mean as ever, but I think Venice has spruced up a bit.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The twelfth annual ball of Salt Lake lodge No. 178 Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, took place last evening at Christensen's. The affair was a most successful one, and was attended by more than 300 people. The hall was handsomely decorated with festoons of green, signal flags and the national colors. The musicians' stand was outfitted with switchmen's lanterns, while in the center of the hall a locomotive bell, surmounted with American flags, and at either side were placed a clock and shovel. From overhead were suspended the initials "B. of L. F." in colored incandescents, and the chandeliers were of colored lights, representing the different signals.

Dancing began at 8 o'clock and continued until long past midnight. The orchestra numbered ten pieces, and the dances were announced by Master of Ceremonies E. C. Kirkwood.

An elaborate supper was served under the direction of the Franklin company. The tables were arranged at the rear of the hall, and were adorned with palms and fruit. The menu consisted of cold turkey, ham, chicken, tongue, salads, olives, celery, peas, cake and coffee.

The following committees had the affair in charge: Arrangements—A. D. Springall, J. T. Wilev, H. W. Fletcher, O. W. Piper, A. S. Brennan, W. J. Forbes. Floor Managers—A. D. Springall, H. W. Fletcher, J. T. Wilev, O. W. Piper, A. S. Brennan, W. J. Forbes. Invitation—R. W. Litheridge, Frank Jackson, F. L. Cowan, H. W. Burleigh, George McDonald, R. S. Singleton, D. G. Jones, F. Breining, William Kenyon, J. C. Jones. Reception—A. J. Brennan, H. E. Post, J. J. Foster, Aug. John in, G. Brown, E. Weidman, W. H. Briscoe, Sampter, L. Rouch, W. G. Richens, George Green, J. B. Kesler. Ticket Sales—H. E. Post, J. J. Foster, D. W. Wilcox, W. J. Forbes, A. J. Lidy, E. T. Green.

Mrs. H. L. Anderson of Cheyenne is visiting her son, Representative F. H. Holzheimer, at 164 East Second South street.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Porter gave a card party to a number of their friends at the Kenyon last night. Progressive whist was the game played and the guests spent a jolly evening. First prizes were awarded to Mrs. J. B. Cosgriff and Mr. W. C. Reed. Second prizes were won by Mrs. D. White and Charles Reed. After the cards a delicious lunch was served.

These present Messrs. and Mesdames Joseph Young, M. C. Jones, Ward Clark, Dr. White, J. B. Cosgriff, W. Lawrence, Charles Reed, E. E. Calvin, and William Donnell; Miss Louise Odell, Miss Etta Keith, the Misses Cosgriff, Miss Fanny Bird, E. Harvey, Sampter, O. R. Young, Charles Lawrence, Colonel Donnell, T. Ellis Brown and Joseph Richards.

The Danish Brotherhood will give a ball at Grand Army hall Friday evening.

AMUSEMENTS.

Another large house greeted "The Blue and the Gray" last night. The national guard line officers presented a handsome appearance occupying the beautifully decorated boxes.

The concert given by Mrs. Lulu S. Mayne at the Murray opera house Tuesday evening was a great success. The house was filled and every number on the delightful programme was thunderously applauded.

"A Stranger in a Strange Land" opens tonight in the Theatre.

W. H. Brennan is in the city ahead of the Sembrich Opera company, which will sing "Faust" at the Tabernacle next month.

With the return of Heber J. Grant to the city, the religious testimonial has received an impetus. Mr. Grant is working vigorously for the success of the event next Tuesday and is very anxious to see the testimonial as far as possible by the public to make it an auspicious occasion.

STORY OF CHAFFEE'S RISE FROM RANKS (Kansas City Star.)

About the middle of July, 1861, a young man, 19 years old, of a pleasant face, reckless and bronzed from laboring in the harvest field, walked into the recruiting office in Warren, O., and told the recruiting officer that he desired to enlist in the army. An hour after that he was a private in troop K, Sixth United States cavalry. This young man was Adna R. Chaffee. The president sent to the senate recently, among the nominations for the highest places in the army, the name of Adna R. Chaffee to be a major general in the regular army. It was the name of the private soldier of forty years ago. He may be commanding general of the army before he leaves the service.

General Chaffee is now in China in command of the American troops. He has risen to his present position by the constant display of soldierly qualities blended with rare good fortune. When congress adjourned in 1898 it moved General Chaffee to the grade of a brigadier general of volunteers to be a major general of volunteers. That was for gallant conduct on the field of battle.

General Chaffee received his commission as a brigadier from President McKinley at the outbreak of the war. He was then lieutenant colonel of the Third United States cavalry. General Chaffee has been in active and continuous army service for forty years, including the entire period of the civil war and numerous Indian campaigns. His promotions from rank to rank up to his present one were all earned by gallant conduct on the field of battle. At El Caney, July 1, General Chaffee commanded a brigade consisting of the Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Twelfth infantry, which opened this fight and bore the brunt of it, and to his leadership the victory won that day was chiefly due. He was wounded and nearly killed very early in the morning, encountering a heavy fire from the enemy, and losing many men. An eye witness of the struggle says that when the fighting

was hottest and American men were falling fast, "General Chaffee dashed about with his hat on the back of his head like a mounted scout, urging the men and crying to them to get in and help their country to win a victory. It was at El Caney that General Chaffee, leading the charges from block house to block house, was dubbed by the Spaniards "The Man in Shirt Sleeves." This name was given because he wore no coat during the fight. He was wounded at Santiago. A bullet pierced his foot. He was also wounded at Gettysburg and Chickamauga. For his daring work in the Indian wars he was four times brevetted by congress.

Chaffee won his first lieutenantcy on the battlefield of Gettysburg, and was moved up to the grade of captain for gallant work at Chickamauga. Subsequent promotions to the rank of major and of lieutenant colonel successively were earned in engagements with Indians in Texas and Arizona. He also served at one time as inspector general with General Cook, and later still as superintendent of the cavalry school at Fort Riley, Kan.

General Chaffee is the idol of his men. One of his favorite commands when in a hot chase after Indians used to be: "Follow me, men, and every man that's killed I'll make a corporal."

In the fight at El Caney several companies were detailed to dig trenches and the Spanish sharpshooters were potting at them from tree tops and clumps of bushes on the hillsides. Presently the firing became so severe that the men were ordered to drop their tools and return to the front line. General Chaffee came along on foot looking over the situation. In the bottom of one of the trenches he caught sight of a man lying flat on his face. While the man next to him kicked him in the intervals of firing. As the general walked he heard the kicking address the prostrate soldier in a savage whisper: "Get up, you fool. Here comes old Chaffee. If he sees you you're done for."

"What's the matter with that man?" asked General Chaffee of the speaker. "Is he wounded?"

"No, sir," said the soldier, saluting. The prostrate man made no motion. "Sun, then?" asked the general, for there were many cases of collapse from heat during the bitter glare of the Cuban afternoons.

"I don't know, sir," replied the soldier, saluting. "What's the matter with that man?" asked the general. "Well, you're a fine soldier! What's the matter with you, any way?"

"I'm afraid, sir," said the matter with me," said the soldier doggedly, trying to wrest his collar from the grasp of the other and trying in vain, for General Chaffee has muscles of steel.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man's neighbor, saluting again. "I think the kid's been sick."

"That's a charitable thought," said the general grimly.

He twisted his captive about to get a good look at him, and his face, which had grown set and angry, softened at what he saw.

"Row old are you?" he asked. "Seventeen," said the frightened soldier.

"Why, you're nothing but a child," cried General Chaffee, and he got hold of the fellow that enlisted yesterday. He stood thinking for a moment while the boy sniffed. A Spanish bullet sent the soldier sprawling on the ground. He stood up, not two feet from where he stood.

"Beg pardon, sir; they're getting your range," said the other soldier. "Hadn't you better lie down, sir?"

The general paid no attention to the warning, but shifted his hand from the captive's collar to his hip.

"Now, see here," said he kindly. "You can't help being frightened, I suppose. But there isn't nearly so much danger as you think there is. You must pick up your gun and take your position and fight, and I'll stand here by you till you get used to it."

"Shaking like a leaf," the boy seized his gun and fired a shot almost straight up in the air.

"A little high," said his instructor. "Try it lower and take a little more time to aim. There's a Spaniard in that green thicket straight in front of you. He's waiting for you."

After three or four shots the young soldier got his nerve, stopped trembling and began to shoot with some accuracy and judgment.

"That's better," said General Chaffee as he moved away. "Stay here and do your best."

The boy fought like a veteran through the afternoon, and when the order came to withdraw he had to be dragged away by his companions, though he had been fighting for more than an hour with a bullet wound in his shoulder. He said that General Chaffee had told him to stay there and he was going to stay. The wound was a trifling one and before the campaign was over the boy had the reputation of being one of the best soldiers in his company. He is now serving in the Philippines.

been scarcely as much astonished by the noise outside as he was by the robustness of Chaffee's oath. The minister, who was sitting in the church house, made host of friends among the best citizens of Mississippi by the justice and fairness of his course.

One of the chapters of General Chaffee's diaries deals with the fight of the "Big Dry Wash" in the summer of 1882, cherished by cavalrymen as one of the gallant ones of their arm of the service. About 150 White Mountain Apaches, who had taken to the war-path, were on one side of a canyon in the Mogollon plateau. Chaffee, a major, with a pursuing troop of the Sixth cavalry, held the summit of a rocky hill commanding the entrance to the canyon. The battle went on for hours. One of the scouts fell, some two-score yards from where Chaffee was standing. A second scout at Chaffee's elbow remarked that the fallen man was done for, but the major saw that he was only wounded.

"Come along," said he, "and we'll fetch him in."

Then he threw himself flat on the ground and crawled toward the wounded soldier. The scout followed slowly and painfully Chaffee and his companion, in the face of a concentrated fire from all the Indians, worked their way to the wounded man, and half carried, half dragged him back within the lines.

The handful of troopers on the rock, thrilled at the deed that had been performed, forgot the task in hand, stopped fighting and began to cheer. This made Chaffee furious, and he shouted at them to get on with it. "Shut up that noise and go to shooting!" This recalled to the work of fighting Indians, Chaffee's men again turned their attention to the enemy. The Apaches, almost a man, were killed or captured. Chaffee was brevetted a lieutenant colonel for this day's work, and in 1887 the brevet became a commission.

For some reason which has never been explained, satisfactorily, a halo of romance has been thrown around General Chaffee almost from the time he wore shoulder straps. It is said that he had the halo of many romantic tales than any other officer in the regular service since the civil war. The general, perhaps, knows better than anybody else whether the few of these stories are true, and in speaking of two or three of them one day he said:

"Those yarns, like a lot of others I have heard told about me, are just plain lies. I'm no hero, and if the plain truth were always told there would be much fewer halos struck around the heads of my army officers. We just go ahead and attend to our business, looking after our business as we put it in other places to succeed. If we do succeed there is no particular sense in telling a lot of heroic tales about us, and if we fail—well, God help us."

President Rushed Students.

(New York World.)

The sophomores and freshmen learned some new points on rushes at Rutgers college in New Brunswick, N. J., yesterday. Their instructor was Dr. Scott, president of the college. Singled-handed he rushed both classes and held the field, victorious.

The sophomores had elected to have their class picture taken. The freshmen had planned to prevent it. On the veranda of Winant hall the sophomores were carefully posed. Yelling and shouting, the whole body of freshmen suddenly appeared. They charged the upperclass men and swept them from the veranda. A general battle became mixed in a whirlwind combat. The battle raged with blind fury.

Dr. Scott, crossing the campus, saw the strife at its height. Tradition at Rutgers is rich in stories of the college's fights. The freshmen, of course, are stronger when a young man. To this day his physique is that of an athlete. He hurled himself upon the outer circle of combat, and he and a group of freshmen rushed into the fray. The man he cleared his way through. So he tore his way through the surging mass until he was in the thickest of the fight. There he was surrounded by the waist and swung them beyond range. Soon he was in the center of a group he had cleared and all around him were freshmen and sophomores on their feet. The freshmen were shouting and the sophomores were cheering. The freshmen were shouting and the sophomores were cheering. The freshmen were shouting and the sophomores were cheering.

He stooped and picked up his hat, which he had lost in the fray. He drew out his notebook and took down the names of some of the most ardent of the rushers. Then he walked away. His evidence will be presented to the students' self-governing board with a view to the punishment of the ring-leaders in the day's affair.

After the rush the sophomores resumed their pose for the picture. Just as the photographer pressed the button some freshmen at the windows overhead poured buckets of water over the group.

George Ade and the Queer Parade.

(Saturday Evening Post.)

In the ways of the American city the author of "Archie" and "Posies in Slugs" is regarded as an expert observer, but he recently discovered on a place which he showed himself as delightfully unphilosophical as the most innocent "lamb" that ever strayed to a city street. One day, when Mr. George Ade was out walking with a guide in the naval quarters of Kolo, Japan, he observed coming down the street the head of a great procession. Interested at once, he paused to watch the procession pass. On they came, gaudy in apparel, but grave in face, flaunting flags and great banners on which were Japanese inscriptions. The mournful chant which announced their approach was broken only when the kettle drums or tom-toms were pounded or the cymbals clashed. As the weird and solemn procession approached, Mr. Ade uncovered and bowed his head reverently. It was his custom to do this. He invariably to show the highest respect for the rites and ceremonies of the people with whom he comes in contact. He is a firm believer in the doctrine, "When in Rome do as the Romans do." His face was very grave.

The procession was long—nearly a block in length—but Mr. Ade remained unmoved during the entire time of its passing. Once or twice he glanced at the guide out of the corner of his eyes. He

thought he saw on the man's face a puzzled expression. Finally, when the procession had passed, he replaced his hat and addressed himself to the wondering guide. "The guide looked more puzzled. 'Shinto?' then asked Mr. Ade. 'I do not understand,' the guide finally said. 'Was not that a funeral procession?' inquired Mr. Ade. 'A light began to dawn upon the guide's face. He almost smiled as he replied: 'No; tooth powder!' The Japanese, it seems, are rapidly learning American ways—even in advertising. A visitor to Japan may now see, every hillside plastered with advertisements. They are very enterprising and, as this incident indicates, one of the advertising methods employed is that of having a procession march through the streets.

Marshall's Absentmindedness.

(The World's Work.)

One day Judge Marshall, engrossed in his reflections was driving over the wretched roads of North Carolina on his way to Raleigh in a slick gig. His horse turned out of the road, and the sulky ran over a sapling and was wrecked. The judge, who was not at all alarmed, could move neither to the right nor left, and he was stuck in the mud. The difficulty was solved by the judge's own hands. "My old marster," he asked, "what for don't you back your horse?" "That's true," said the judge, and he acted as advised. The horse backed and the judge felt in his pocket for some change, but he did not have any. "I shall stop at the tavern and leave some money for you with the landlord," said the judge. The landlord, who was a stranger, but he called at the tavern and asked the landlord for the money. "Oh, yes," said the landlord, "the left man had left anything there for him. 'Come along,' said the judge, 'what do you think of that gentleman?'" The negro gazed at the dollar and said: "He was a gentleman, for sho, but—pating his forehead—he didn't have much in here."

Terrifying Thought.

(Chicago Tribune.)

"Dearest," wrote a charming young widow after the manner of an English woman preparing her love letters for publication, "why should my first husband was a drunkard cause your love for me to grow cold?" "Because," he wrote in reply, "I have been seized with a suspicion that you may have driven him to drink."

Not Idle Curiosity.

(Chicago Tribune.)

"I don't see any English sparrows here," said the visitor at the Field museum, "why should the discovery of the fact that my first husband was a drunkard cause your love for me to grow cold?" "Because," he wrote in reply, "I have been seized with a suspicion that you may have driven him to drink."

Burns and Slang.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"They say that Robert Burns, in all his poetry never clamored for wealth, though at times he sadly needed it," said the visitor at the Field museum, "why should the discovery of the fact that my first husband was a drunkard cause your love for me to grow cold?" "Because," he wrote in reply, "I have been seized with a suspicion that you may have driven him to drink."

Again, Our Sultan.

(Chicago Chronicle.)

While objection is properly being made to a polygamist from Hawaii as a delegate to congress, it may be well to remember that President McKinley is carrying on the federal pay roll as a polygamist and slave holder the sultan of Sulu.

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And a GOOD LOAF

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THURSDAY FEB. 14, 15, 16

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

Bargain Matinee Saturday.

Wm. A. Brady & Jos. Grismer's

The N. Y. Manhattan Theatre

COMEDY SUCCESS.

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